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DISCOURSE ON GOVERNMENT.

(Concluded from page 552.)

NOW, as all writers on the science of policy are agreed, & they agree with experience, that all arbitrary governments must frequently infringe the rules of justice to support themselves; that truth must give way to dissimulation; honesty to convenience; and humanity itself to the reigning interest, the whole of this mystery of iniquity being called the reason of State: Why must it not be expected that good and upright men should not be always vigilant to oppose the torrent of so much mischief, by endeavouring to establish government in liberty, which produceth virtue, order, and stability; and to eradicate slavery, which is accompanied with vice, weakness, and misery? Look to all the forms of government, which at any time obtained in the world, and the contrast will be sufficiently exemplified. All the Eastern empires before the Greeks and Romans were scarce ever remarkable for any thing but pride, lewdness, treachery, cruelty, cowardice, and hatred of all that is good, whilst the others excelled in wisdom, valour, and all the virtues that deserved imitation. This was so well observed by St. Augustine (De Civ. Dei) that he brings no stronger argument to prove, that God leaves nothing which is good in man unrewarded, because he gave the dominion of the best part of the world to the Romans, who in moral virtues excelled

all other nations. No example can be alledged of a free people that was ever conquered by an absolute monarch, unless he did incomparably surpass them in riches and strength; whereas many great kings have been overthrown by small republics; and the success, being constantly the same, cannot be attributed to fortune, but must necessarily be the production of virtue and good order. Machiavel, discoursing of these matters, finds virtue to be so essentially necessary to the establishment and preservation of liberty, that he thinks it impossible for a corrupt people to set up and maintain a good government, or for a tyranny to be introduced, if they be virtuous; and makes this conclusion, "That, where the matter (that is, the body of the people) is corrupted, good laws do no good: Which being confirmed by reason and experience, I think no wise man has ever contradicted him."

All that was ever desirable or worthy of praise and imitation in Rome, whether glory, virtue, or power, proceeded from her liberty, grew up, and perished with it. To impute this to chance were ridiculous, or to think that fortune, which of all things is the most variable, could for so many ages continue the same course, unless supported by virtue, or to suppose that all these monarchies, which are so much extolled, could

have

have been destroyed by that common-wealth, if it had wanted strength, stability, virtue, or good order. The secret counsels of God are impenetrable; but the ways by which he accomplishes his designs are often evident: When he intends to exalt a people, he fills both them and their leaders with the virtues suitable to the accomplishment of this end, and takes away all wisdom and virtue from those he resolves to destroy. The pride of the Babylonians and Assyrians fell through the baseness of Sardanapalus; and the great city was taken while Belshazzar lay drunk amongst his harlots: The empire was transported to the Persians and Grecians by the valour of Cyrus, Alexander, and the brave armies that followed them. Histories furnish us with innumerable examples of this kind; but I think none can be found of a cowardly, weak, effeminate, foolish, ill-disciplined people, that have ever subdued such as were eminent in strength, wisdom, valour and good discipline; or that these qualities have been found or substituted any where, unless they were cultivated and nourished by a well ordered government. If this, therefore, was found among the Romans, and not in the kingdoms they overthrew, they had the order and stability which arbitrary monarchies had not, and the strength and virtue by which they obtained such success was the product of them. But, if this virtue, and the glorious effects of it, did begin with liberty, it did also expire with the same. The best men that had not fallen in battle were gleaned up by the proscriptions, or circumvented for the most part by false and frivolous accusations.—Mankind is inclined to vice, and the way to virtue is so hard, that it wants encouragement; but when all honors, advantages, and prefer-

ments, are given to vice, and despised virtue finds no other reward than hatred, persecution, and death, there are few who will follow it.—The first fruit was such an entire degeneracy from all good, that Rome may be justly said never to have produced a brave man since the first age of her slavery. Germanicus and Corbulo were born when liberty was expiring, and the recompence they received did so little encourage others to follow their example, that none have been found in any degree like to them; and those of the most noble families applied themselves to sleep, indolence, and luxury, that they might not be suspected to be better than their masters. Thraseas, Soranus, and Helvidius, were worthy men, who resolved to persist in their integrity, though they should die for it; but that was the only thing that made them eminent; for they were of unknown families, not Romans by birth, nor ever employed in war; and those emperors who did arrive to any degree of virtue were Spaniards, Gauls, Africans, Thracians, and of all nations, except Romans.

The Patrician and Plebeian families, which for many ages had filled the world with great commanders, and such as excelled in all virtues, being thus extinguished or corrupted, the common people fell into the lowest degree of baseness. That people which in magnanimity surpassed all that have been known in the world, who never found any enterprise above their spirit to undertake, and power to accomplish, with their liberty lost all their vigour and virtue. They who by their votes had disposed of kingdoms and provinces, fell to desire nothing but to live and see plays:

—Duas tantum res anxius optat,

Panem & Circenses.—Juv. Sat. x. v. 86.

Whether

Whether their emperors were good or bad, they usually rejoiced at their death, in hopes of getting a little money or victuals from the successor. Though the empire was by this means grown weak, yet it could not fall on a sudden: So vast a body could not die in a moment: All the neighbouring nations had been so much broken by their power, that none were able to take advantage of their weakness; and life was preserved by the strength of hungry barbarians, allured by the greatness of the pay they received to defend those who had no power left to defend themselves. The precarious and accidental help could not be durable. They who for a while had been contented with their wages, soon began to think it fit for them rather to fight for themselves, than for their weak masters; and thereupon fell to set up emperors depending on themselves, or to seize upon the naked provinces, where they found no other difficulty than to contend with other strangers, who might have the like design upon the same. It was evident, that, after the battles of Philippi and Actium, the strength of the Roman armies consisted of strangers; and even the victories that went under their name were gained by those nations which in the time of their liberty they had subdued. They had nothing left but riches gathered out of their vast dominions; and they learned by their ruin, that an empire acquired by virtue could not long be supported by money. They who by their valour had arrived at such a height of glory, power, greatness, and happiness, as was never equalled, and who in all appearance had nothing to fear from any foreign power, could never have fallen, unless their virtue and discipline had decayed, and the corruption of their manners had excited them to turn

their victorious swords into their own bowels.

Hence this great lesson may be learned, that all human constitutions are subject to corruption, and must perish, unless they are timely renewed, and reduced to their first principles: This is the case of free states, in which the reins of good government should never be suffered to become lax; whereas no stability can be promised for absolute monarchy, which indeed, is only as an instrument for bringing vice, misery, devastation, and infamy, upon mankind.

Affecting HISTORY of ST. ANDRE

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

(Continued from page 554.)

THE Counsellor, St. Andre's benefactor, received him into his family, and settled him, with his wife, in his country seat. There he lived in tranquillity for the space of several years. Having engaged himself in the management of the farm, his care and industry almost doubled its yearly produce, and afforded him the delight of being useful to his generous friend. He often endeavoured to enter again into the service; but he constantly found insurmountable obstructions in the active and incessant hatred of M. de Vilmore. He had the misfortune to lose his son, and, some time after, his benefactor and sole support. Overwhelmed with grief, he removed from the vicinity of Paris, with his wife, and bore his misery and afflictions to a remote province, where he resolved to live unknown by the labour of his hands. It was in Auvergne that he fixed his wretched destiny. His talents for husbandry, with the fortitude and resolution

resolution which this hapless pair exerted, enabled them to procure the means of subsistence; and they both entered into the service of a rich farmer. St. Andre cultivated the earth: while his wife, forgetting the natural delicacy of her constitution, engaged in the management of the household business, and soon overcame her aversion for that laborious employment. During six years spent in this manner, St. Andre had several children, to whom he gave an education suitable to their present condition; and having thus inured himself to this laborious but tranquil kind of life, he became, at last, the proprietor of a small spot of ground, in the cultivation of which he found a competent subsistence. To this he retired, and for ten years enjoyed all the sweets of serenity and peace. Content with his humble fortune, he forgot, in the embraces of his wife and children, that splendid situation to which his birth had entitled him. But even this felicity, lowly as it was, was too great to be permanent. An unexpected event destroyed all the efforts of Time and Reason, and plunged him again into the depths of misery. M. de Vilmore having been lingering about a year, under a disease, from which his physician assured him it was in vain to expect recovery, was awakened to some remorse for his unnatural conduct towards his son. His troubled conscience pointed to the tomb, and displayed to his affrighted soul all the horrors of approaching dissolution. Religion, so consolatory after a well spent life, could only augment the inward terrors that incessantly haunted him. In vain did he endeavour to divert his attention from these distracting thoughts.—He was approaching fast to that losing scene, when the most perverse of mortals must cease to have the

pernicious power of deceiving himself. Truth, so dreadful to the guilty, appeared with irresistible brightness, and terrible conviction to dazzle and confound him. At last, he determined to cause some enquiries to be made after the situation of his son. He opened his mind to his steward, who was a man of probity, and greatly interested for the fate of St. Andre; and who, after various fruitless enquiries, discovered the place of his retreat, and wrote to him the following letter:

“M. de Vilmore is dying, and wishes to see you. His distracted heart is still capable of returning tenderness. Do not hesitate a moment; but fly to the arms of a father, who is now incessantly reproaching himself with all the miseries you have endured. Hasten to him, it is not yet too late: take advantage of these awful moments when the vain desires of pride and ambition vanish for ever. He wishes to see you, but has not sufficient resolution to desire it. He is surrounded by your enemies, who are already, in idea, ransacking his spoils and yours. I give you this intimation of his secret wishes.—You have only to appear, and to lay your unfortunate family at his feet, and you will recover all your rights. Be speedy: every thing depends on your activity and expedition.”

St. Andre did not hesitate. The interest of his children prevails over all the reflections which some foreboding fears suggest. He sells his little inclosure for a paltry sum, and sets out with his family. He cannot quit this favourite spot without emotions, that bedew his face with tears. He regrets his humble cottage; nor can he tear himself from it, without an inexpressible degree of anxiety and grief. To expedite his journey

journey, he is obliged to purchase a carriage, and to travel post: and the expences, in course, consume almost the whole produce of sixteen years of hard labour. At length he descends the walls of Paris, and soon after the magnificent house of his father. At the sight of it, Blanche clasps her husband in her arms: Ah! (she exclaims) this would have been yours but for me; and can you regret the cottage we have left?"—St. Andre, all in tears, tenderly embraces her; and this moment, which at once displays to her eyes the great sacrifices with which her husband had never once reproached her; this moment, so flattering and so affecting, is perhaps one of the sweetest of her life.

But, alas! what distressing news awaited them! The good steward hastened to them; and informed them, that the evening before he had acquainted his master of their approaching arrival; but that this intelligence had not yet settled his fluctuating resolution; that he had passed a dreadful night, and, in the morning, perceiving his end to be hastening, he had at last sent for his confessor, and, after two long conferences, had determined to make a new will.—"Hitherto (continued the steward) every thing was in your favour. The good priest, whom he entrusted with his conscience, so forcibly remonstrated with him, with respect to his conduct towards you, that, terrified with horror and apprehension, he did not hesitate to send for his notary. But a moment after, your messenger being arrived, with information that you would be with him in two hours, M. de Vilmore was seized with such a perturbation of mind, as produced a most fatal change. He instantly lost the use of his speech; a situation so much more deplorable, as he still retains

his senses and recollection. In a word, he knows that you are here; and he manifests the most earnest desire to see you. The physician says, that your presence may be productive of another change, and restore him to his speech. Come, Sir, let us lose no time."—At these words, St. Andre, followed by his family, hastens to his father's apartment. M. de Vilmore, on seeing him enter, lifts up his eyes to Heaven, and extends his arms to him. St. Andre throws himself on his knees, at the foot of the bed. M. de Vilmore regards him with a look of the most pathetic expression; and the name of St. Andre escapes from his lips. His confessor runs to him: "Make an effort (he cries) your notary is here: one word more, one single word, may confirm the future happiness of an unfortunate man, whom your silence and death would doom for ever to the most dreadful misery. Pray to God for grace to enable you, in these few remaining moments, to make reparation for all the sufferings of injured innocence.—At these tremendous words, M. de Vilmore clasps his hands together, and lifts them to Heaven. He opens his mouth, and appears earnest to speak; but, being only able to utter a few confused and inarticulate sounds, grief, terror, and remorse, are painted on his face. His arms begin to stiffen, and the paleness of death appears. The confessor would present the crucifix to him: the dying wretch, raving in an agony of despair, casts a look of horror on his son; then beholding the offered crucifix with a wild and savage aspect, he trembles, he pushes it aside; and, at this instant, the most shocking convulsions terminate his guilty life. What an awful lesson does this dreadful scene afford to those fathers (if any such remain) who

who are capable of hating and abandoning their children! He died without making any alteration in favor of St. Andre: no other will was found, but what had been long before dictated by resentment. Thus, his irresolution, and too late remorse, only served to render his end more fatal and deplorable, without reversing the situation of his unhappy son.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN ALLEGORY

From the ZENDAVESTA of ZO-ROASTER.

I BEGIN to have doubts whether wisdom be alone sufficient to make us happy. Whether every step we make in refinement is not an inlet into new disquietudes. A mind too vigorous and active, serves only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings.

When we rise in knowledge as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard become more obscure, and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds nature with a finer relish, and takes her blessings with a keener appetite than the philosopher, whose mind attempts to grasp an universal system.

As I was some days ago pursuing this subject among a circle of my fellows, an ancient sage, equally remarkable for his piety and wisdom, seemed touched with my conversation, and desired to illustrate what I had been saying with an allegory taken from the Zendavesta of Zoroaster: by this we shall be taught, says he, that they who travel in pursuit of wisdom, walk only in a circle; and after all their labour, at

last return to their pristine ignorance; and in this also we shall see that enthusiastic confidence, or unsatisfying doubts terminate all our enquiries.

In early times, before myriads of nations covered the earth, the whole human race lived together in one valley. The simple inhabitants, surrounded on every side by lofty mountains, knew no other world but the little spot to which they were confined. They fancied the heavens bent down to meet the mountain tops, and formed an impenetrable wall to surround them. None had ever yet, ventured to climb the steepy cliff, in order to explore those regions that lay beyond it; they knew the nature of the skies only from a tradition, which mentioned their being made of adamant: traditions make up the reasonings of the simple, and serve to silence every enquiry.

In this sequestered vale, blest'd with all the spontaneous productions of nature, the honey'd blossom, the refreshing breeze, the gliding brook, and golden fruitage, the simple inhabitants seemed happy in themselves, in each other; they desired no greater pleasures, for they knew of none greater: ambition, pride, and envy, were vices unknown among them; and from this peculiar simplicity of its possessors, the country was called *The Valley of Ignorance*.

At length, however, an unhappy youth, more aspiring than the rest, undertook to climb the mountain's side, and examine the summits which were hitherto deemed inaccessible. The inhabitants from below, gazed with wonder at his intrepidity; some applauded his courage, others censured his folly; still however he proceeded towards the place where the earth and heavens seemed to unite, and at length arrived

arrived at the wish'd for height with extreme labor and assiduity.

His first surprize was to find the skies, not, as he expected, within his reach, but still as far off as before; his amazement increased when he saw a wide-extended region lying on the opposite side of the mountain; but it rose to astonishment when he beheld a country at a distance more beautiful and alluring than even that he had just left behind.

As he continued to gaze with wonder, a genius, with a look of infinite modesty, approaching, offered to be his guide and instructor. The distant country which you so much admire, says the angelic being, is called *The Land of Certainty*: In that charming retreat, sentiment contributes to refine every sensual banquet; the inhabitants are blessed with every solid enjoyment, and still more blessed in a perfect consciousness of their own felicity: ignorance in that country is wholly unknown; all there is satisfaction without alloy, for every pleasure first undergoes the examination of reason. As for me, I am called the genius of *Demonstration*, and am stationed here in order to conduct every adventurer to that land of happiness through those intervening regions you see overhung with fogs and darkness, and horrid with forests, cataracts, caverns, and various other shapes of danger.— But follow me, and in time I may lead you to that distant desirable land of tranquillity.

The intrepid traveller immediately put himself under the direction of the genius, and both journeying on together with a slow but agreeable pace, deceived the tediousness of the way by conversation. The beginning of the journey seemed to promise true satisfaction; but as they proceeded forward, the skies

became more gloomy, and the way more intricate; they often inadvertently approached the brow of some frightful precipice, or the brink of a torrent, and were obliged to measure back their former way: the gloom increasing as they proceeded, their pace became more slow; they paused at every step, frequently stumbled, and their distrust and timidity increased. The genius of *Demonstration*, now, therefore advised his pupil to grope upon hands and feet, as a method though more slow, yet less liable to error.

In this manner they attempted to pursue their journey for some time, when they were overtaken by another genius, who, with a precipitate pace, seemed travelling the same way. He was instantly known by the other to be the genius of *Probability*. He wore two wide-extended wings at his back, which incessantly waved, without increasing the rapidity of his motion; his countenance betrayed a confidence that the ignorant might mistake for sincerity, and he had but one eye, which was fixed in the middle of his forehead.

Servant of Hormizda, cried he, approaching the mortal pilgrim, if thou art travelling to the *Land of Certainty*, how is it possible to arrive there under the guidance of a genius, who proceeds forward so slowly, and is so little acquainted with the way? follow me, we shall soon perform the journey to where every pleasure awaits your arrival.

The peremptory tone in which this genius spoke, and the speed with which he moved forward, induced the traveller to change his conductor; and leaving his modest companion behind, he proceeded forward with his more confident director, seeming not a little pleased at the increased velocity of his motion.

But

But soon he found reasons to repent. Whenever a torrent crossed their way, his guide taught him to despise the obstacle by plunging him in; whenever a precipice presented, he was directed to fling himself forward. Thus each moment miraculously escaping, his repeated escapes only served to increase his guide's temerity. He led him therefore forward, amidst infinite difficulties, till they arrived at the borders of an ocean which appeared unnavigable from the black mists that lay upon its surface. Its unquiet waves were of the darkest hue, and gave a lively representation of the various agitation of the human mind.

The genius of *Probability* now confessed his temerity, owned his being an improper guide to the *Land of Certainty*, a country where no mortal had ever been permitted to arrive; but at the same time offered to supply the traveller with another conductor, who should carry him to the *Land of Confidence*, a region where the inhabitants lived with the utmost tranquillity, and tasted almost as much satisfaction as if in the *Land of Certainty*. Not waiting for a reply, he stamped three times on the ground, and called forth the *Dæmon of Error*, a gloomy fiend of the servants of Ari-manes. The yawning earth gave up the reluctant savage, who seemed unable to bear the light of the day. His stature was enormous, his color black and hideous, his aspect betrayed a thousand varied passions, and he spread forth pinions that were fitted for the most rapid flight. The traveller at first was shocked at the spectre; but finding him obedient to superior power, he assumed his former tranquillity.

I have called you to duty, cries the genius to the dæmon, to bear on your back a son of mortality over the *Ocean of Doubts* into the

Land of Confidence: I expect you'll perform your commission with punctuality. And as for you, continued the genius, addressing the traveller, when once I have bound this fillet round your eyes, let no voice of persuasion, nor threats the most terrifying, persuade you to unbind it in order to look round; keep the fillet fast, look not at the ocean below, and you may certainly expect to arrive at a region of pleasure.

Thus saying, and the traveller's eyes being covered, the dæmon muttering curses, raised him on his back, and instantly, up-borne by his strong pinions, directed his flight among the clouds. Neither the loudest thunder, nor the most angry tempest, could persuade the traveller to unbind his eyes. The dæmon directed his flight downwards, and skimmed the surface of the ocean; a thousand voices, some with loud invective, others in the sarcastic tones of contempt, vainly endeavoured to persuade him to look round; but he still continued to keep his eyes covered, and would, in all probability have arrived at the happy land, had not flattery effected what other means could not perform. For now he heard himself welcomed on every side to the promised land, and an universal shout of joy was sent forth at his safe arrival; the wearied traveller, desirous of seeing the long-wished for country, at length pulled the fillet from his eyes, and ventured to look round him. But he had unloosed the band too soon; he was not yet above half way over. The dæmon, who was still hovering in the air, and had produced those sounds only in order to deceive, was now freed from his commission; wherefore throwing the astonished traveller from his back, the unhappy youth fell headlong into the adjacent *Ocean of Doubts*, from whence he never was seen to rise.

Curfory

Carfory Reflections on Newspaper Calumny.

AMONGST the evils of the present hour, there is not one which more loudly demands redress, or which is more difficult to be redressed than the licentious malignity of the press, the liberty of which is at once the glory and the strength of our constitution.

Beauty, youth, genius, all that can distinguish one human being from another, are the destined mark, the helpless prey of the literary slanderer.

He counteracts the bounty of the benignant Creator, and turns the choicest blessings of Heaven into curses.

His venal pen, tempted by a gain more shameful than that which pays the midnight robber, sacrifices the peace of families, the honor, the tranquillity, nay, sometimes, the lives, of the most virtuous individuals, on the merciless altar of envy.

Yes, indignant reader, you feel the atrocity of his crime; you justly execrate the man who scatters arrows and death, and says, "Is it not in sport?"

The murderer of reputation merits the severest punishment which human laws, framed for human happiness, can inflict.

He merits to be driven from society, the sweets of which he tinges with the deadliest poison; to be driven from human converse to herd with congenial monsters, with the merciless inhabitants of the howling wilderness.

The just object of abhorrence, what punishment does not his crime deserve!

The pangs of poverty, dishonor, exile—death, if you please—I will not plead his cause; death is, perhaps, too mild an expiation of his offence.

But let us pause a moment—You—What do you not deserve? Who read his unhallowed works with approbation!

Do you not—unfeeling as you are—by encouraging such detestable publications, wantonly plant, yourself, the envenomed dagger in the bosom of innocence?

It is in your power alone to restrain the growing evil, to turn the envenomed dart from the worthy breast.

Cease to read, and the evil dies of itself: cease to purchase, and the venal calumniator will drop his useless pen.

Think, whilst the cruel smile yet mantles on your cheek, that your own heart may be the next that is wrung by the malignant tale.

The amiable friend of your choice—the sister, endeared to you by the tender ties of blood—the blooming daughter you educated with such anxious care—

Yourself—may be the next devoted victim.

Reflect one moment, and you will execrate the barbarous pleasure you have felt on reading these slanderous chronicles of falsehood.

You wish to be amused. I pardon, I commend your wish; but you may be amused without wounding the better feelings of your soul.

Believe me, the human mind is curious, not malignant.

It delights in well painted pictures of life and manners, but does not demand that they shall be drawn in shade.

The lovely form of virtue—of virtue, crowned by prosperity, or nobly struggling with the tide of adverse fortune—will amuse, will interest, will charm, beyond the blackest tints, wrought by the baleful hand of the literary assassin.

OF PHYSIOGNOMY;

*Or, the Similitude between the Person
and the Mind.*

THAT the face is a false glass, is a vulgar error, and seems to have taken its rise from a few exceptions; for all men are so much physiognomists, that, whoever happens to find himself mistaken, though but for once, joins the cry of the proverb. All are not alike skilled in faces, any more than in unravelling of characters; even the most penetrating eye may be mistaken: yet I will presume to say, that the face is seldom a false glass; and when it proves so, it is generally the fault of the beholder. Perhaps, indeed, nature has made some cheats, some to appear worse, many much better than they are. This is of a piece with her usual variety, and was, perhaps, partly intended to check the presumption of mankind in judging too rashly of one another. Yet still the face is not a false glass. On the contrary, where the qualities of the mind are eminent, it generally shews them. For the features of the mind commonly follow those of the face; as the figure of most animals, whose characters are strong, is expressive of their nature. Though you had never heard of a lion, a tyger, a serpent or an alligator, it is natural to think you would, at first sight, be afraid of them, rather than of a hare, or even a horse, whose appearance might prove formidable, but more from his size than his make.

The mind is for the most part visible in the person. Thus, a bearish figure is almost certainly the rhind or husk of a rude rough soul, never to be polished by any cultivation.—If you find any sweetness in the kernel of such a rugged shell, it is

more than you ought to expect— for a man is one thing, and a chestnut another. The voice too is in general harsh or sweet, conformably to the features; and where faces resemble one another, you'll meet with a remarkable similitude in the voice.

Sense and virtue are often to be found under a plain face and clumsy figure: but elegance and delicacy of mind generally appear in the person. Where a false and specious elegance appears in the face, you may expect the same in the mind: and the herd of mankind will admire them more than the true.— Sometimes you meet with a delicate and elegant mind under a face that cannot properly be called handsome: but then you will generally observe a spirit and expression in such a face that pleases a true eye much more than mere regular beauty; for the best part of beauty is air, meaning and expression.

The ancient Greeks, besides their being the most ingenious and elegant, were the most beautiful race of mortals that ever appeared in the world. The modern Greeks preserve the fine mould of their ancestors; and, if they were blest with liberty, would, probably, in a short time, exceed all their neighbours in every excellence that human nature can boast of, whether ornamental or solid. Exquisite organs are, I believe, for the most part, beautiful too; and it is better to have a handsome ear than a very large one. Though the latter is, by the laws of the animal œconomy, more favorably contrived for the over-hearing of a whisper.

It is a common observation, that the painter constantly draws the finest hands whose own is of an elegant make. This is universally ascribed to a cause which is, perhaps, more obvious and plausible than true;

true; for the painter often draws a hand in attitudes in which he never sees his own. It was, probably more owing to something within themselves, than to the different styles of nature to which they were accustomed, that Rubens and Raphael are so different in their ideas of beauty, and their representations of the human form. Vandyke studied under Rubens; and, as he lived in the same country, was accustomed to the same kind of objects with his master: yet their works are as different as their persons were; the one robust but rather clumsy; the other handsome and genteel. In short, the productions of the genius seem to be a kind of propagation, and bear a family resemblance to the parent.

ESSAY ON FORTITUDE.

IT is allowed that all men are equally desirous of happiness, but that few are successful in the pursuit. One chief cause of this failure is the want of strength of mind, which might enable them to resist the temptations of present ease and pleasure, and carry them forward in the search of more distant profit and enjoyment. Our affections on a general prospect of their objects, form certain rules of conduct, and certain measures of preference of one above another: and these decisions, tho' really the result of our calm passions and natural propensities, are yet said, by a current abuse of terms, to be the determinations of pure reason and reflection. But when some of these objects approach nearer to us, or acquire the advantages of favorable lights and positions, which catch the heart or imagination: our general resolutions are frequently confounded, a pre-

sent enjoyment is preferred, and lasting shame or sorrow entailed upon us. And however poets may employ their wit and eloquence in celebrating present pleasure, and rejecting all distant views to fame, health, or fortune; it is obvious that this practice is the source of all dissoluteness and disorder, misery and repentance. A man of strong and determinate temper adheres tenaciously to his general resolutions, and is neither seduced by the allurements of pleasure, nor terrified by the menaces of pain; but still keeps in view those distant pursuits by which he at once insures his happiness and his honor.

The fortitude of a man who restrains his present desires to the obedience of his reason, is conspicuous, and carries with it a dignity into the lowest state imaginable.— Poor Constantius who now lies languishing in a most violent fever, discovers, in the faintest moments of his disorder, such a greatness of mind, that a perfect stranger who should behold him, would indeed see an object of pity, but would at the same time perceive that it was lately an object of veneration. His gallant spirit resigns, but resigns with an air that speaks a resolution which could yield to nothing but fate itself. This is conquest in the philosophic sense; but the empire over ourselves is in truth no less laudable in common life, where the whole tenor of a man's carriage is in subservience to his own reason, and in conformity to the good sense of other men.

Marcellus is perfect master of himself in all circumstances. He has all the spirit that a man can have, and yet is as regular in his conduct and behaviour as a machine. He is sensible of every passion, but is ruffled by none. In conversation he frequently seems to

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be less knowing, to be more obliging, and chuses to be on a level with others, rather than oppress with the superiority of his genius. In friendship he is kind without profession: in business, expeditious without ostentation. With the greatest softness and benevolence imaginable, he is impartial in spite of all importunity, even that of his own good-nature. He is even clear in his judgment, but in complaisance to his company, speaks diffidently; and never shews confidence in argument, but to support the sense of another. Did such an equanimity of mind regulate the behaviour of mankind in general, how sweet would be the pleasures of conversation! he that is vociferous, dogmatical, and vehement, would understand, that it is then time to call a constable; and know that spoiling good company is a most unwarrantable way of breaking the peace.

Thus much relates to the common intercourse of society; but as above hinted, the man of true fortitude measures his actions by principles of his own. The sense of other men ought to weigh with us in things of less consideration; but not in concerns where truth and honor are engaged. When we search to the bottom of things, we often find principles, that appear paradoxical at first, to be evident truths; and maxims, which before they are duly weighed, seem to proceed from a romantic kind of philosophy, and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection appear so reasonable, that nothing less than direct madness could induce us to walk by any other rules. Thus to contradict our desires, and to conquer the impulses of ambition, when they do not coincide with those sentiments our cool judgment approves; is so truly our interest, and so absolutely essential to our real happiness, that to con-

temn all the advantages the world offers to us, where they stand in competition with a man's honor, is the exercise of the virtue called Fortitude.

Did we consider the mind of man as the man himself, it would appear to be the most unnatural species of self-murder to sacrifice the sentiments of the soul, to gratify the appetites of the body. Is it not astonishing, that when the necessities of life are supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful! When we meet a poor wretch, urged by hunger and cold suing for an alms, we are apt to think this a state we could rather starve at once, then remain in; but yet how much more deplorable is his condition, who being above necessity, can yet resign his reason and his integrity to purchase superfluities:—These are both abject and common beggars; yet it is surely less mean-ness to beg a supply for hunger than for vanity! But general prepossessions and custom so far prevail over the bulk of mankind, that those necessitous creatures who cannot relish life without applause, attendance, and equipage, are so far from being despised, that distressed virtue is less esteemed than splendid vice. But if in cases that regard true honor, a man's appeal were made to his own soul; there would be a basis and standing rule for our conduct: and to be honorable would be the aim of our endeavours, rather than to appear honorable.—Mr. Collier, in his Essay on Fortitude, has treated this subject with great accuracy. ‘What,’ says he, ‘can be more honorable, than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience; to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the station assigned us? To be proof against poverty, pain, and death itself, so far as not

to do any thing scandalous or sinful to avoid them. To stand adversity under all shapes, with decency and resolution. To do this is to be great above title and fortune: this argues the soul of a heavenly extraction, and is worthy the offspring of the Deity!

What a generous ambition has this writer pointed out to us? When men have settled in themselves a conviction by such noble precepts, that there is nothing honorable that is not accompanied with innocence, nothing mean, but what is tainted with guilt: when they have attained this mode of thinking, though poverty, pain, and death, may still have their terrors, yet riches, pleasures, and honor easily lose their charms, if they stand between us and our integrity. Steady and happy in ourselves, nothing external will ruffle our tempers, and Fortune will point her arrows against us in vain,

ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

BY SADI.

THREE inhabitants of Balk, who travelled together, found a treasure. They divided it, and continued their rout, conferring with each other on the use they should make of their newly acquired wealth. As the provisions they had brought along with them were consumed, they were under a necessity for sending to the nearest town, in order to get some. The youngest was charged with this commission, and departed. He said to himself on the way, How rich am I! But I should be much richer, if I had been alone, when we found the treasure: The companions of my journey have taken away two parts from me: Might not I recover

them? Yes, this could be easily done; I need only poison the victuals I am going for. When I return, I may say, that I dined in town; my companions will eat without suspecting any thing, and will die. I have but the third of the treasure, and I shall have the whole. In the mean time, the two other travellers, seated under the shade of a tree, said to one another, What a strange mishap it is, that we should fall into company with that young fellow! We have been obliged to divide the treasure with him; his share should have belonged to us, and then we could call ourselves rich. He will soon return, we have good poignards — The young man returns; his companions assassinate him: They afterwards eat of the poisoned victuals and die; and the treasure belongs to nobody.

An Account of an Extraordinary Tumor, or WEN, cut off the Cheek of a Person in Scotland.

ALEXANDER PALMER, of the parish of Keith, in the county of Bamff, in the north of Scotland, about fifty-four years of age, observed, when about twenty-seven, a little hard swelling in the muscle of the lower jaw on the left side, without any hurt or manifest occasion, which at first increased slowly, but afterwards it proceeded more quickly, and the older it grew, it still came on the faster, until it increased to a prodigious bulk and weight. — From the first appearance of this tumor, to the total excision of it, was twenty-seven years. He had excessive pains and uneasiness in it, and at last it mightily extenuated and emaciated him, who was otherwise a strong and robust man.

This excrescence was of the natural colour of the skin, and seemed to be

be an Atheroma, being a glandulous substance, with several large blood-vessels in it, and hair growing on it as on the other parts of the body. It was almost round, and very hard, and was as sensible as any other part of the body; for when the poor man was working in the field, he accidentally cut it with a sharp iron, which gave him great pain, but was cured by the surgeon after the manner of an ordinary wound.

This excrescence, having grown so big, was attached to the muscle under the left eye, called *obliquus minor*, or *inferior*, to the ear and its muscles, and to the muscle of the lower jaw, named *deprimens*. By reason of its great bulk and weight, it could not hang down freely without some support, therefore it rested on the top of the shoulder, which made a considerable dimple in it: besides it was holden up by the man's hand in the day time, and laid on a pillow in the night.

A few days before the total excision was made, the patient observed this tumor begin to mortify at the lower end, which made him so uneasy, that he took a knife and cut off a good part of it. This occasioned a great hæmorrhage; so that he reckoned there was lost a Scots pint, or four pounds of blood, before it could be stopped. The patient, after so great trouble and pain, at last applied himself to Mr. Gordon, surgeon of that place, who made a total extirpation of it.

He made a close ligature, taking in the basis of the excrescence, and all the loose skin, and contracting it as much as possible he cut it entirely off with a sharp razor. There gushed out of the excrescence, after it was cut off, and was lying on the ground, as near as could be guessed, two pounds of blood; for it was nourished by several large

blood-vessels, perhaps by some branches of the carotid artery much enlarged, and other blood-vessels coming from the ear, and the muscles of the lower jaw abovementioned. When Mr. Gordon brought it to us, which was full three months after it was cut off, we cut off with a knife about a quarter of an inch broad of the basis of it; and in that small space we observed four big blood-vessels. The basis was five inches diameter, which seemed too large for the whole side of the face; so that, after the excision, I think the loose skin must have turned backwards, which might make the basis appear so big.

After all this blood was lost, the excrescence was weighed, and was full nineteen pounds weight; so that before his own incision and this operation, it must have been several pounds heavier, which is a most prodigious weight to be depending on such a place. This tumor was of a spheroidical figure, and, when measured, was thirty-four inches about by the longest way, and twenty-eight by the broad.

The hæmorrhage, which was great, was stopped by the vitriolic powders and other astringents, and the ordinary dressing was used.—This great cure was completed in six weeks time, and the patient entirely recovered, and went about his business, to the great admiration and astonishment of every body.—The lid of his left eye continued downwards a little, as did that same side of the mouth, which was occasioned by the great weight depending on that side of the face. The head, at first after cutting, inclined much to the right side, by reason of the great weight on the left cheek having been removed but it began to stand upright after he was perfectly recovered. Though the skin, and even a deal of the muscular

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ious part of the cheek and lower jaw was cut away, yet, according to the information I had from Mr. Gordon, the operator, it grew up again, and was of the ordinary color of the skin, and like the other side of the face; so that there grew hair on that side of the face, as well as on the other, which he ordinarily shaved; and this is as surprising as any thing in the whole affair.

I have given a true and plain account of this extraordinary case from certain information; I have contented myself to relate only matters of fact, without making any observations or reflections on it; for I leave it to the philosophers and virtuosi, to make their own reasonings and refinements, as seem best to themselves.

THO. BOWER.

FEUDAL CONSUEITUDES;

Or, the Superior and Vassal.

A TALE.

IT was in those days when feudal subordination shone out in all its pompous pride, and when the connections of Superior and Vassal were the source at once of the most grievous oppression, and of the most romantic sense of obligation entertained by the Vassal towards his lord, that the facts took place, from which the following story is drawn.

Cumin (for the chief of a clan got no other appellation than the general name by which the clan was distinguished) was about the middle of the thirteenth century reckoned the most powerful chieftain in Scotland, being elevated and ennobled by the number, the courage, and the prowess of his retainers — He had lived chiefly at his lordly

castle, and had as yet no acquaintance with the court, so that having hardly any notion of a superior, and having never seen any that could call himself his equal, he possessed all the haughtiness of a proud baron, and had none of that pliability of temper, by which to win the affections, though the ideas of the times secured to him the fidelity and attachment, of his vassals and dependents.

On the death of king Alexander the second, in 1249, some of Cumin's wisest counsellors, who were themselves his vassals, and had been the servants of his father, advised the young chief to repair to Edinburgh, where his power would certainly procure for him the highest influence and authority during the nonage of the new king. Cumin was ambitious, and he relished the advice, but there was a cause which attached him to his home, and gave him a secret reluctance at the idea of leaving it. Albert, the vassal of Cumin, dying without a son, left his lovely daughter, the fair Albertina, in the budding bloom of youthful charms, the inheritor of his paternal estate; and she being then only thirteen years of age, her superior had claimed his right to the custody of his Vassal. It was not wonderful, that when a few years had ripened the beauties of the young heiress, the force of her charms should have pierced even the unsoftened bosom of the imperious chief. He felt their full effect, and this strongest of passions rent in pieces his indignant heart; for could he, who might, without aspiring, seek the highest bride that Scotland owned, could he without a struggle, bend to the daughter of his own vassal? His heart, even while it melted with love, revolted at this idea so repugnant to his pride. While opposite passions thus enslav-

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ed the chief of Cumin castle, and before he had disclosed to any one the uneasy secrets of his mind, he was advised, as before mentioned, to repair to Edinburgh, and he resolved to go, in the vain idea that some fairer and some higher born beauty than Albertina might divert his mind from so degrading a connection. To the Scottish court he accordingly bent his course, taking with him the ablest among his vassals, with a large retinue of his dependents, and appeared with all the splendor of his high rank among the nobles there, "*Velut inter ignes luna minores.*"

On the birth-day of Cumin, the brother of that chief, who had been left to support the hospitality of his castle, gave a feast, and all the country round, as well as the vassals of Cumin, were invited to share in the general joy. A tournament was proclaimed, at which every champion should challenge to the combat any one who would not confess the preference over all her sex, of the charms and attractions of her whom he loved. The lists were prepared, and all looked on in expectation of the first youth who should dare the chiefs to battle, in this animating cause. Quickly appeared, mounted on a dark chestnut horse and armed with a silver coat of mail, the gallant Henry de Lindesay. He was the vassal of Cumin, and his father had received a large territory from that chieftain's predecessor, in return for many great services he had rendered him. De Lindesay was yet only nineteen years of age, and as a ward vassal of Cumin, resided in his superior's castle. He was formed with all the genuine marks of strength and dignity, and in his manly face there was a daring boldness, which was chastened, though not diminished, by the softness of

his dark blue eyes, which beamed, at the same time, heroism and benevolence. Such was he who now came forward, and delivered his instructions to the herald, who called aloud to the listening audience— "The fairest of the daughters of Caledonia is the lovely Albertina: In her are united the best graces, and the fairest virtues of her sex.— In reliance on the force of the truth which he asserts, more than on the strength of his arm, Henry de Lindesay defies all the chiefs of the land to name her equal."

Silence prevailed over the field, while the challenger, with stately step rode over the level turf, and surveyed the surrounding croud, till a knight entered the lists, mounted on a black steed, dressed in black armour, having no insignia upon his shield. The herald again proclaimed—"An unknown chief, though not inferior to the noblest on the field, advances to check the presumption of De Lindesay. He denies not the charms of Albertina, but thinks Henry de Lindesay unworthy of the office of being her champion." The combatants glanced their fierce eyes on each other, but De Lindesay knew not his antagonist, for the visor of his helmet covered his face. Each spurred on his fiery steed, and when they approached, each protended his hostile spear. The arm of the unknown knight was better nerved, and the brave De Lindesay must have fallen to the ground, but with admirable presence of mind he checked the impetuous fury of his horse, and forced him to retire a few steps, then springing forward with renewed vigor, he transfixed the arm of his stout opponent, and hurled him to the earth. Springing instantly from his horse, he flew to raise his vanquished foe, and lifting the visor from his face, what was

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his astonishment to find that the black knight was the chief of Cumin castle. He having come, unknown, to see the sports of his birth-day, was filled with indignation at his young vassal declaring himself thus publicly the lover of Albertina, and came forward conscious of victory, and thinking thereby to stop the further progress of De Lindsey's passion. What then must have been the sensations of this haughty personage thus overcome? Rage and honor quivered on his lips. Silently and suddenly he regained his horse, and without any token of thanks to his gallant enemy for his assistance, rode off the field.

There was one person present highly interested in this scene.—Albertina was there, and her gentle bosom was agitated by a thousand fears for her beloved Henry, for he was loved with the tenderest affection that ever warmed a female breast, and on his obtaining the victory, she could hardly forbear expressing the joy which sparkled in her animated eyes. But when she saw that Cumin was his antagonist, her apprehensions revived, and she feared that De Lindsey would feel the effects of the haughty chieftain's revenge. Nor was her mind altogether at rest on her own account, for from the appearance of Cumin, and the declared purpose of his fighting, she was forced to recollect a number of accidental circumstances, which now combined to persuade her that he loved her.—Meantime the successful champion, though sorry to have fought with his superior, felt not any cause to reproach himself, but his imagination was struck with dreadful suggestions from the discovery, which it appeared evident to him, Cumin had made of a passion for his fair vassal.

The assembly dissolved, and all the sports of the day were at an end, being checked by the ill-timed appearance of the chief, in whose honor they were held; but De Lindsey left not Albertina, till by pressing his suit with the most ardent solicitation, he obtained from her a promise, that she would be his and his only. Numberless, however, were the difficulties which stood in the way of the completion of that promise which made De Lindsey the happiest of men, for by Feudal Customs, the superior was entitled to the forfeiture of any vassal's estate who should marry without his consent, and that consent it seemed in the present instance impossible to gain. These were not obstacles sufficient to check the ardency of De Lindsey's passion, but Albertina, who considered the circumstances of their situation more dispassionately, prevailed on her lover to await some favourable opportunity, which fortune might present them with, to join themselves in marriage, without reducing themselves from the affluence of their present condition to wretchedness and poverty.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE HISTORY OF HYPASIA.

MAN, when secluded from society, is not a more solitary being than the woman who leaves the duties of her own sex to invade the privileges of ours. She seems, in such circumstances, like one in banishment; she appears like a neutral Being between the sexes; and tho' she may have the admiration of both, she finds true happiness from neither.

Of all the ladies of antiquity, I have read of none who was ever

more.

more justly celebrated than the beautiful Hypasia, the daughter of Leon the philosopher. This most accomplished of women was born at Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. Nature was never more lavish of its gifts than it had been to her, endued as she was with the most exalted understanding, and the happiest turn to science. Education completed what nature had begun, and made her the prodigy not only of her age, but the glory of her sex.

From her father she learned geometry and astronomy; she collected from the conversation and schools of the other philosophers, for which Alexandria was at that time famous, the principles of the rest of the sciences.

What cannot be conquered by natural penetration and a passion for study? The boundless knowledge which at that period of time was required to form the character of a philosopher no way discouraged her, she delivered herself up to the study of Aristotle and Plato, and soon not one in Alexandria understood so perfectly as she, all the difficulties of these two philosophers.

But not their systems alone, but those of every other sect were quite familiar to her; and to this knowledge she added that of polite learning, and the art of oratory. All the learning which it was possible for the human mind to contain, being joined to a most enchanting eloquence, rendered this lady the wonder not only of the populace, who easily admire, but of philosophers themselves, who are seldom fond of admiration.

The city of Alexandria was every day crowded with strangers, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia to see and hear her. As for the charms of her person, they might not probably have been men-

tioned, did she not join to a beauty the most striking, a virtue that might repress the most assuming; and, though in the whole capital, famed for charms, there was not one who could equal her in beauty; though in a city, the resort of all the learning then existing in the world, there was not one who could equal her in knowledge; yet, with such accomplishments, Hypasia was the most modest of her sex. Her reputation for virtue was not less than her virtues; and though, in a city divided between two factions, though visited by the wits and the philosophers of the age, calumny never dared to suspect her morals, or attempt her character. Both the Christians and the Heathens who have transmitted her history and her misfortunes, have but one voice, when they speak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue. Nay, so much harmony reigns in their accounts of this prodigy of perfection, that, in spite of the opposition of their faith, we should never have been able to judge of what religion was Hypasia, were we not informed, from other circumstances, that she was an heathen. Providence had taken so much pains in forming her, that we are almost induced to complain of its not having endeavoured to make her a Christian; but from this complaint we are deterred by a thousand contrary observations, which lead us to reverence its inscrutable mysteries.

This great reputation, which she so justly was possessed of, was at last, however, the occasion of her ruin.

The person who then possessed the Patriarchate of Alexandria was equally remarkable for his violence, cruelty, and pride. Conducted by an ill-grounded zeal for the Christian religion, or perhaps desirous of augmenting his authority in the ci-

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ty, he had long meditated the banishment of the Jews. A difference arising between them and the Christians with respect to some public games, seemed to him a proper juncture for putting his ambitious designs into execution. He found no difficulty in exciting the people, naturally disposed to revolt. The Prefect, who at that time commanded the city, interposed on this occasion, and thought it just to put one of the chief creatures of the Patriarch to the torture, in order to discover the first promoter of the conspiracy. The Patriarch, enraged at the injustice he thought offered to his character and dignity, and piqued at the protection which was offered to the Jews, sent for the chiefs of the synagogue, and enjoined them to renounce their designs, upon pain of incurring his highest displeasure.

The Jews, far from fearing his menaces, excited new tumults, in which several citizens had the misfortune to fall. The Patriarch could no longer contain; at the head of a numerous body of Christians, he flew to the synagogues, which he demolished, and drove the Jews from a city, of which they had been possessed since the times of Alexander the Great. It may be easily imagined that the Prefect could not behold, without pain, his jurisdiction thus insulted, and the city deprived of a number of its most industrious inhabitants.

The affair was therefore brought before the emperor. The Patriarch complained of the excesses of the Jews, and the Prefect of the outrages of the Patriarch. At this very juncture, five hundred monks of mount Nitria, imagining the life of their chief to be in danger, and that their religion was threatened in his fall, flew into the city with ungovernable rage, attacked the Pre-

fect in the streets, and not content with loading him with reproaches, wounded him in several places.

The citizens had by this time notice of the fury of the monks; they, therefore, assembled in a body, put the monks to flight, seized on him who had been found throwing a stone, and delivered him to the Prefect, who caused him to be put to death without further delay.

The Patriarch immediately ordered the dead body, which had been exposed to view, to be taken down, procured for it all the pomp and rites of burial, and went even so far as himself to pronounce the funeral oration, in which he classed a seditious monk among the martyrs.— This conduct was by no means generally approved of; the most moderate even among the Christians perceived and blamed his indiscretion; but he was now too far advanced to retire. He had made several overtures towards a reconciliation with the Prefect, which not succeeding, he bore all those implacable hatred whom he imagined to have any hand in traversing his designs; but Hypasia was particularly destined to ruin. She could not find pardon, as she was known to have a most refined friendship for the Prefect; wherefore the populace were incited against her. Peter, a reader of the principle church, one of those vile slaves by which men in power are too frequently attended, wretches ever ready to commit any crime which they hope may render them agreeable to their employer; this fellow, I say, attended by a crowd of villains, waited for Hypasia, as she was returning from a visit, at her own door, seized her as she was going in, and dragged her to one of the churches called Cæsarea, where, stripping her in the most barbarous manner, they exercised

the most inhuman cruelties upon her, cut her into pieces, and burnt her remains to ashes. Such was the end of Hypasia, the glory of her own sex, and the astonishment of ours.

THOUGHTS upon several Subjects.

PROFUSE giving or treating is laughed at by the wise, according to the old saying, "Fools make feasts."

He has a good income, who has but few occasions of spending; not he who has great rents and great vents.

In a difficult business it may answer a good purpose to let the proposal be made by a person of inferior consequence; and let another, whose word will have more weight, come, as if by chance, and second the motion.

Would you punish the spiteful? Shew him that you are above his malice. The dart he threw at you will then rebound and pierce him to the heart.

To get an estate fairly requires good abilities; to keep and improve one, is not to be done without diligence and frugality.

He who promises rashly, will break his promise with the same ease as he made it.

Keep a watch over yourself, when you are in extreme good humour: Artful people will take that opportunity to draw you into promises, which may embarrass you either to break or keep.

Your actions must not only be right but expedient: they must not only be agreeable to virtue, but to prudence.

You may safely be umpire among strangers, but not among friends; In deciding between the former, you may gain, among the latter, you must lose.

Great fame is like a great estate, hard to get, hard to keep.

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

If it gives you pain or shame to think of changing your scheme at the remonstrance of your faithful friend (which shews extreme weakness in you) you may get over that difficulty, by seeming to have thought of some additional consideration which has moved you to follow his advice.

In a free country, there is little to be done by force: Gentle means may gain you those ends, which violence would forever put out of your power.

He who is unhappy, and can find no comfort at home is unhappy indeed.

Never trust a man for the vehemence of his asseverations, whose bare word you would not trust: A knave will make no more of swearing to a falsehood, than of affirming it.

Theory will signify little, without address to put your knowledge in practice.

In affliction, constrain yourself to bear patiently for a day, or so, only for the sake of trying whether patience does not lighten the burden: If the experiment answers, as you will undoubtedly find, you have only to continue it.

If you borrow, be sure of making punctual payment: else you will have no more trust.

Is it not better that your friend tell you your faults privately, than that your enemy talk of them publicly?

A princely mind will ruin a private fortune.

In engaging yourself for any person or thing, you will be sure to entangle yourself, if things should not turn out to your expectation.

You

You may, perhaps, come to be great or rich; but remember the taxes and deductions you will be liable to, of hurry, noise, impertinence, flattery, envy, anxiety, disappointment; not to mention remorse.

If you never ask advice, you will hardly go always right. If you ask of too many you will hardly know which way to go. If you obstinately oppose advice you will certainly go wrong. A wicked counsellor will mislead you wilfully; a foolish one thoughtlessly.

Never take credit where you can pay ready money; especially of low dealers: They will make you pay interest with a vengeance.

Never refuse a good offer, for the

fake of a better market: The first is certainty; the latter only hope.

Take care of irrevocable deeds.

He who has done all he could, has discharged his conscience.

Debt is one of the most substantial and real evils of life: especially when a man comes to be so plunged, as to have no prospect of ever getting clear. An honest mind, in such circumstances, must be in a state of despair, because there is no hope of ever being in a condition to do justice to mankind.

Never let yourself be meanly betrayed into an admiration of a person of high rank, or fortune, whom you would despise if he were your equal in station: none but fools and children are struck with tinsel.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

MESSRS. W. P. HARRISON & CO.

If you think the following sufficiently correct for insertion in your Museum, you may depend on its originality, as well as every thing else from the same hand.

F.

MORNING.

SWEETLY does the merry horn,
Welcome in the rosy morn,
Blithely o'er the hills its sound,
Does from hill to hill rebound,

Shepherds piping thro' each break,
Bids each swain to day awake;
So blithe, so merry, and so gay,
Welcomes in the new-born day.

Dewy meads and fertile plains,
Bids me now forget my pains,
Bids me o'er the lawns to stray,
And welcome in the new-born day.

When the sick forget their pains,
When the slave forgets his chains,
Then shall I forget the smart,
Of Cupid's little subtle dart.

SELECTED.

THE INDIAN STUDENT;

Or, The Force of Nature.

FROM Susquehanna's utmost springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
A shepherd of the forest came.

From

From long debate the council rose,
And viewing Shalum's tricks with joy,
To Harvard-hall,* o'er wastes of snows,
They sent the tawny colour'd boy.

Awhile he wrote, awhile he read,
Awhile he learn'd their grammar rules :
An Indian savage, so well bred,
Great credit promis'd to the schools.

Some thought he would in law excel,
Some said in physic he would shine ;
And one that knew him passing well,
Beheld in him a sound divine.

But those of more discerning eye,
E'en then could other prospects show,
And saw him lay his Virgil by,
To wander with his dearer bow.

The tedious hour of study spent,
The heavy-moulded lecture done,
He to the woods a hunting went :
But sigh'd to see the setting sun.

The shady bank, the purling stream,
The woody wild his heart possess'd ;
The dewy lawn his morning dream,
In Fancy's finest colours drest.

" And why (he cried) did I forsake
My native wood for gloomy walls ?
The silver stream, the limpid lake,
For musty books and college halls ?

" A little could my wants supply—
Can wealth and honor give me more ?
Or will the sylvan god deny
The humble treat he gave before ?

" Where nature's ancient forests grow,
And mingled laurel never fades,
My heart is fix'd : and I must go
" To die among my native shades."

He spoke : and to the western springs,
(His gown discharg'd—his money spent)
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
The shepherd of the forest went.

Returning to the rural reign,
The Indians welcom'd him with joy :
The council took him home again,
And blest the tawny-colour'd boy.

* Harvard College to Cambridge.

SEPTENNIAL DIVISION OF TIME.

THE *seven* first years of life, man's break
of day,
Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought
display :
When *fourteen* springs have bloom'd his
downy cheek,
His soft and bashful meanings learn to
speak :
From *twenty-one* proud manhood takes its
date ;
Yet is not strength complete till *twenty-
eight* :
Thence, to his *five-and-thirtieth*, life's gay
fire
Sparkles, burns bright, and flames in fierce
desire :
At *forty-two* his eyes grave wisdom wear,
And the dark future dims him o'er with
care :
With *forty-nine* behold his toils increase,
And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace :
At *fifty-six* cool reason reigns entire,
Then life burns steady, and with temp'rate
fire :
But *sixty-three* unbends the body's strength,
'Ere th' unweary'd mind has run her length :
And when, from *seventy*, age surveys her
last,
Tir'd, she stops short, and wishes all were
past.

THE HEAD-ACH.

TO AURELIA.

AURELIA, when your zeal makes
known
Each woman's failing but your own,
How charming Sylvia's teeth decay,
And Celia's hair is turning grey :
Yet Celia gay has sparkling eyes,
But (to your comfort) is not wise :
Methinks you take a world of pains,
To tell us Celia has no brains.

Now you wise folk, who make such
pothor
About the wit of one another,
With pleasure wou'd your brains resign,
Did all your noddles ach like mine.
Not cuckolds half my anguish know,
When budding horns begin to grow ;
Nor battered skull of wrestling Dick,
Who late was drubb'd at single stick ;
Not wretches that in fevers fry,
Not Sappho when her cap's awry,
E'er felt such tort'ring pangs as I ;
Nor forehead of Sir Jeff'ry Strife,
When smiling Cynthia kiss'd his wife.

Not

Not love-sick Marcia's languid eyes,
Who for her simp'ring Corin dies;
So sleepy look or dimly shine,
As these dejected eyes of mine;
Nor Claudia's brow such wrinkles made
At sight of Cynthia's new brocade.

Just so, Aurelia, you complain
Of vapours, rheums, and gouty pain;
Yet I am patient, so shou'd you,
For cramps and head-achs are our due:
We suffer justly for our crimes;
For scandal you, and I for rhymes;
Yet we (as harden'd wretches do)
Still the enchanting vice pursue;
Our reformation ne'er begin,
But fondly hug the darling sin.

Yet there's a mighty difference too,
Between the fate of me and you;
Tho' you with tott'ring age shall bow,
And wrinkles scar your lovely brow;
Your busy tongue may still proclaim
The faults of ev'ry sinful dame:
You still may prattle, nor give o'er,
When wretched I must sin no more.
The sprightly nine must leave me then,
This trembling hand resign its pen;
No matron ever sweetly sung,
Apollo only courts the young;
Then who wou'd not (Aurelia, pray)
Enjoy his favors while they may?
Nor cramps nor head-achs shall prevail;
I'll still write on, and you shall rail.

PROSERPINE'S KAGOUT.

AS once grave Pluto drove his royal wheels,
O'er the large confines of the Stygian
Fields;

With kingly port he sat, and by his side,
Rode his fair captive, now his awful bride.
But from the lakes a sulph'rous mist invades,
And strikes the fainting empress of the
shades.

The trembling queen is seiz'd with sickly
yawns,
With griping cholics, and with feverish
qualms.

Back to the palace was the general cry,
Before the lath her sable couriers fly:
There rests the dame, and sought her royal
bed,

Where the soft pillows rais'd her drooping
head:

Restoring lenitives were sought in vain,
To cool her vitals and assuage her pain.
On nothing would the peevish matron feed:
Then useful Mercury was call'd with speed,

And sent on earth some curious dish to
frame,

Of light digestion for the sickly dame.
To earth he posted, where he quickly found,
Proper ingredients on our fertile ground;
Here first he seiz'd, as nonsubstantial foods,
The courtiers' friendship, and the zeal of
prudes;

The sighs of widowers, and blends with
those

The vows of lovers and the brains of beaux,
The miser's charity, the drunkard's cares,
The wealth of poets, and the tears of heirs;
Philander's patience, when his Lord denies;
The frowns of Cælia, when her heart com-
plies:

Then with a breath along the air he drives
The love of husbands, and the charms of
wives;

Where trifles dwell sagacious Hermes knew,
The winged youth to lordly senates flew;
From thence debates and long harangues to
cull.

And steep'd them softly in a statesman's
skull.

And now the frothy dish began to seem,
A proper viand for his sickly queen:
To crown the rest, he met by lucky chance,
The wit of England, and the truth of France.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE,

*A Poem wrote by a young gentleman,
on his Birth-day, at sixteen Years of
Age.*

IN constant change, the fate of human
things!

How time pursues its flight with swiftest
wings!

The brave, the just, must yield their
breath,

In triumph to victorious death.

In vain, in vain, below the sky,

We seek for immortality;

For nature sickens and must die,

How feeble is our frame, how vain is man:

The utmost bounds of life, a narrow span.

Quick as the smoaky vapours rise,

Swift as an Indian arrow flies,

Time drives the circuit of our hastening
days.

Our days not only short, but wretched too,

And while we live, we tread the paths of
woe:

Numberless dangers still our lives surround.

And cross events our best designs confound

In life and health our death is always nigh;

When life begins, we all begin to die:

Yet

Yet sixteen suns their annual course have
 led,
 And roll'd as many summers o'er my
 head,
 And yet I'm number'd not among the
 dead;
 But, gracious God! by thine upholding
 hand,
 Amidst ten thousand snares secure I stand.
 Millions of souls to death's low cave have
 fled,
 And yet thou length'nest out my vital
 thread:
 Thousands have set with the last setting sun.
 Yet still I'm spar'd, and still my moments
 run.
 O God of love, my fleeting days
 Receive the bounty of thy grace;
 And now I see the turning year,
 Renewed favors, Lord, I share.
 Thou didst create me, 'twas amazing pow'r,
 Thou keep'st my frame, 'tis goodness ev'ry
 hour;
 When I repose my weary'd head,
 Thy watchful angels aid my bed;
 In th' morning I behold my room,
 Surpris'd to find it not my tomb.
 Thou crown'st my life with virtues all
 divine;
 Thy goodness runs upon an endless line;
 Thou send'st perpetual mercies from above,
 But O! how few, what poor returns of love!
 O vile ingratitude, how foul thy name!
 My num'rous sins would rouse thy wrath
 to flame.
 On a poor worm, thy creature, thou
 might'st tread;
 Thy justice might dispatch me to the dead;
 It might, and I could ne'er withstand;
 But sov'reign mercy holds thine hand.
 O how I've wasted every year!
 And now, perhaps, my death is near,
 Lord by thy grace I will improve,
 Th' entrusted talents of thy love.
 Help me to spend my few remaining days,
 To my eternal joy, to thy eternal praise.
 Well, since they must be short and few,
 Since short and few and wretched too,
 My days on earth, vain world adieu!
 Fly swifter round, too swift ye cannot fly,
 Fly swifter round, and bear me to the sky,
 Thus when my final summons comes from
 death,
 May I with joy and peace resign my breath.
 Then shall I rest interr'd in ground,
 Till Christ's tremendous trump shall
 sound,
 To call mankind before his bar,
 And judge as all their actions were:
 To some eternal joy; to some
 Torments and hell, their ever lasting doom.

Then of the happy number one,
 Triumphant shall I mount before his throne.
 There be, my soul, thy blest abode,
 In the immediate smiles of God.
 Where far beyond the upper skies,
 Honor and glory never dies;
 Where angels shout from pole to pole,
 Where endless pleasures feast the soul,
 And endless ages of salvation roll.

On a Young Child smiling in its sleep.

MAY gazing angels ever keep
 Strict guard around thy bed;
 And o'er those eyes, now clos'd in sleep,
 Their shadowing pinions spread!

Sweet innocent, thy pleasing dreams
 With weary'd Israel's vie;
 Rivers of milk, and honey streams,
 The land of Promise nigh.

But oh! when reason's light shall shine,
 And beauty's bud shall blow,
 Guide to thy steps, may faith divine,
 The real Canaan shew.

ON FORTUNE.

BEHOLD the Christian hero arm'd
 With helmet, breast-plate, shield!
 And be not for his fate alarm'd,
 He will maintain the field.

The sword of justice will defend
 Religion's sacred laws;
 And ever prove a constant friend
 To champions in her cause,

The holy martyrs, burnt or slain,
 Disgrace fair Hist'ry's page;
 Their steady faith defied the pain
 Caus'd by Enthusiast's rage.

By fire their worth was tried like gold,
 Freed from the base alloy:
 They fought their maker to behold
 In scenes of endless joy.

Let us by their example taught
 Seek the Almighty's love;
 Disdain each servile mundane thought,
 Exploring scenes above!

FOREIGN

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

OFFICIAL COMMUNICATIONS.

[COPY.]

Gibraltar Jan. 11, 1797.

"SIR,

"I find myself under the necessity of troubling your excellency with an offence committed against capt. William Brown, master of the American schooner *Bethiah*, which sailed from this port on the 9th instant, bound to Boston, in the United States of America, by an armed boat belonging to Algeziras, and trusting in your excellency's known equity, that you will be pleased to attend to the circumstances of the fact; I will take the liberty to relate the same according to the declaration made by said captain in my consular office.—Captain W. Brown, lately arrived from Malaga, having anchored in the bay by reason of contrary winds, on the 5th instant, got under sail on the 9th in the morning, with a fresh breeze, in prosecution of his voyage, but was detained at 11 o'clock, A. M. by the fire of the fort called Punta del Fraile, from which the Spaniards repeatedly fired at him with shot, whereby he was obliged to heave out his boat, and with four men got ashore at the great risk of losing their lives, to know what was the matter. While the captain was in the fort, an armed launch with a Spanish flag boarded the schooner, whose flag was hoisted, and their people went upon deck, drove the mate and mariners before them, and went down into

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the cabin, where they drew their knives upon the cabin boy and forced him to deliver them all the keys of the trunks and chests in the cabin; they then took out of one of said trunks, a gold watch with a gold chain and two gold seals, with 280 hard dollars; a spy glass worth five guineas; a large silk shawl, worth 24 dollars; nine pair of new silk stocking; seven new dimity waistcoats; one dozen new ruffled shirts; and a variety of inferior articles: after which they retired in the launch, carrying away all the above things, and went close to the fort. The commanding officer in said fort knew said launch belonged to Algeziras, and immediately dispatched capt. Brown, with a letter for the commander at Algeziras, that the name of the commander of the launch might be known.

"The American captain having greatly suffered at the time he went on shore in his boat, and sustained a continual rain in the road to Algeziras has come back to day here, and assures me further, that if in case it should be necessary to confront the mate and cabin boy, in order to examine the crew of such launch, who committed the robbery on board of his vessel, said mate and boy declare they will easily know the persons who stole the watch and the other articles.

"I do not doubt but your excellency will take into consideration such an offence committed against a citizen of the United States of America, which nation is in amity with your sovereign; and that you will give the requisite orders to discover and punish

punish the authors of it, and give a due satisfaction to this unhappy captain, by returning all the article taken from him; which, after being recovered, I beg your excellency will be pleased to send me in such a manner as you may judge proper.

"I hope your excellency will pardon this unavoidable truth, and rely on my sincere acknowledgement for all you will be pleased to do in this matter, and repeating my true respect to your excellency, I have the honor to be, your most humble servant.

JAMES SIMPSON."

To his Excellency the marquis de Roben, lieutenant-general of his Catholic majesty's forces, & commander in chief of the camp off Gibraltar, San Roque, &c.

[TRANSLATION.]

Immediately after receiving your letter of the 11th current, I sent a copy of it to the commissary of marine at Algeziras, that as all those privateers are under his orders, he might take the most active steps to discover and arrest those who committed the robbery of the various articles that you express, in the American schooner named the Bethiah, the answer to which you will see by the enclosed copy of a letter, I remit, for your intelligence; in the mean time, I practise what said commissary further manifests me.

I remain at your disposition, with wishes of being serviceable,

and that God may preserve your life many years.

The MARQUIS of ROBEN.
San Roque, Jan. 14, 1797.

James Simpson, Esq.

[TRANSLATION.]

Most Excellent Sir,

With your excellency's official letter of yesterday, I have received a copy of the letter of the consul-general of the United States of America, in Gibraltar, Mr. James Simpson, which was handed you; upon which particular I am taking the most active and secret steps that the nature of the matter requires; in which I will make use, if necessary, of the persons necessary to the confrontation you express in the said official letter—and will advise your excellency of the result.

God preserve your excellency many years.

ANTH. MARIA & ALURO.
Algeziras, Jan. 1797.

To his excellency the Marquis of Roben.

*Buonaparte, commander in chief, to
the French executive directory.*

*Head-quarters at Tolentino,
1 Ventose, February 19.*

I shall send you immediately the ten standards which were taken from the pope in the different actions we have had with his troops. You will find annexed the copy of a letter which the holy father has written to me, and my answer.

BUONAPARTE.
Dear

*Dear son, health and apostolic
benediction.*

Desiring to terminate amicably our differences with the French republic, by the retreat of the troops which you command, we send and depute to you as our plenipotentiaries, two ecclesiastics, the cardinal Mattei, who is perfectly known to you, and M. Caleppi; and two seculars, the duke Don Lewis Braschi, our nephew, and the marquis Camillus Massimi; who are invested with our full powers, to concert with you, promise, and subscribe such conditions as we hope will be just and reasonable, obliging ourselves under our faith and word to approve and ratify them in special form, in order that they may be valid and inviolable in all future time. Assured by the sentiments of good will which you have manifested, we have abstained, from removing any thing from Rome, by which you will be persuaded of the entire confidence which we repose in you. We conclude by assuring you of our perfect esteem, and in giving you the paternal apostolic benediction.

Given at St. Peter's, in Rome,
the 12th of February, 1797,
the 22d year of our Pontificate.

PIUS, P. P. VI.

*Buonaparte, general in chief of the
army of Italy, to his holiness the
Pope.*

*Head-quarters, Talentino,
1 Ventose, 5th year.*

Most holy father,

I ought to thank your holiness for the obliging things contained

in the letter which you have taken the trouble to write to me.

The peace between the French republic and your holiness is just signed; I felicitate myself in being able to contribute to your personal safety.

I entreat your holiness to guard against the persons who are at Rome, who are sold to the courts, the enemies of France, or who suffer themselves to be guided exclusively by the passion of hatred which the loss of territory constantly engenders.

All Europe knows the pacific inclination, and the conciliatory virtue of your holiness. The French republic, I hope, will be one of the truest friends of Rome.

I send you my aid-de-camp, chief of brigade, to express to your holiness the perfect esteem and veneration which I have for your person, and to entreat you to confide in the desire which I have to give you, on every occasion, proofs of the respect and veneration with which I have the honor to be your most obedient servant.

BUONAPARTE.

Foreign Intelligence.

London, February 28.

Not a six-pence of specie was paid at the bank yesterday, nor as far as we can learn, was any paid by any banker. We know that many bankers refused to pay in any other value than bank notes. The general instruction to their collecting clerks, were "obtain as much specie as possible: rather take light gold than notes."

It

It is now certain that a very great run has lately been made on the bank for specie, in consequence of those "ill-founded and exaggerated alarms" alluded to in the order of council; alarms which have been principally circulated in the treasury journals. It is said that a million of specie was drawn from the bank on Saturday last. Two ministerial dukes have been named to us, the one of whom drew out 24,000 guineas, and the other drew out 43,000.

Many accounts of the value in which bank notes were yesterday held by various persons, have reached us; and though we know some of them to be true, we shall not be the first to state facts that may be prejudicial to the public welfare.

The stopping of paying specie at the bank unexpectedly raised the funds nearly two per cent.—The great cause of their fall had been the general desire of realizing cash. That was yesterday found to be impossible: If a man sold out his stock he could not obtain specie for it; and thinking it as safe to have his property in the funds, as to have it in bank notes, the spirit of selling out ceased, and the stocks rose in consequence very considerably.

Mr. Pitt, in coming out of the house of commons last night, was hissed and hooted by a number of persons who had assembled to hear what measures the parliament designed to pursue.

March 3.

The result of the king of Sweden's late visit to Peterburgh, is,

we believe, very little understood. The following interesting particulars have reached us from good authority:

It is well known that the late empress employed every possible intrigue to break up the match between the king of Sweden and the princess of Mecklenburgh, and went even so far as to threaten hostilities. She wished the king to marry her eldest grand daughter, who is about 14 years of age; and, having succeeded to stop the marriage with the princess of Mecklenburgh, her imperial majesty prevailed on the young king to pay a visit to Peterburgh.

It must be acknowledged that during his residence there, her majesty did every thing with magnificence and liberality to dazzle the mind of her royal guest.—The king saw his intended bride, and there was every appearance that the contract of a public betrothing would be fulfilled. The day was even fixed for the ceremony; the grand duke, and most of the royal family, with the great officers of state, were assembled to witness the king's signature to the contract, when, lo! his majesty excused himself from attending, and soon after left Peterburgh without being betrothed. The grand duke, now emperor, never spoke to the king afterwards; but the late empress continued to treat him with great cordiality and affection to the moment of his departure.

It is said that the cause of the match being broken off was owing to the empress wishing to insist that there should be a public church

church in Stockholm for the exercise of the Greek religion; the king, however, refused to permit it, observing that he could only allow his intended bride a private chapel, and one Greek priest for her devotion.

March 9.

The bank has agreed to issue dollars at 4s. 9d. each, instead of 4s. 6d. as at first proposed.— The number which they mean to issue amounts to 400,000. On Sunday 80,000 were stamped at the mint. The mark is the king's hand, which is placed on the king of Spain's neck.

We have to state, upon the authority of letters from Peterburgh (and we believe that government were put in possession of the fact by the last messenger that arrived from Sweden) the very important intelligence, that another naval armed neutrality is forming in the north, of which Russia is to be the head, and to furnish the largest quota of ships.

From the same source we are also informed, that, under the mediation of Prussia, a commercial treaty is negotiating between Russia and the French republic, and that the partial admission of French commodities into the Russian ports, is to be looked upon as a preliminary measure, which is to be followed by greater privileges.

This morning capt. Hollowell, late of the *Courageux*, of 74 guns, which was lost near Gibraltar, arrived at the admiralty with dispatches from sir John Jervis.— After completely refitting his fleet and prizes, sir John Jervis sailed

from Lagos Bay on the 23d, and arrived at Lisbon on the 25th or 26th ult.

Sir John Jervis has been joined by the *Zealous*, of 74 guns, which makes his fleet 16 sail of the line. The report of the capture of the *Santissima Trinidad*, the Spanish admiral's ship, is not confirmed.

The Spanish fleet is still cruising to the westward of St. Vincent's, it is supposed to protect the very rich convoy coming home from South-America: This convoy is valued at ten millions sterling; and one ship alone is said to have twelve millions of dollars on board.

Sir Robert Calder is to reinforce sir John Jervis immediately with four sail of the line, one of 110 guns, and three of 74.

The Dutch fleet returned to the Texel on Friday last.

March 10.

In consequence of the advertisement of the issue of dollars at 4s. 9d. the bank was yesterday put into a state of siege. The croud and pressure exceeded even that of Monday the 27th ult. after the alarming order of council was made known. Before two o'clock the issue of dollars was stopped.— They were sold by Jews at the avenues for five shillings. It is supposed that the manner of issuing them must again be changed.

The Hamburg mail due on Sunday arrived this morning, but at so late an hour, that we are forced to confine ourselves to the following short account of the intelligence brought by it.

Accounts from Botzen, of the 18th February, state that the arch-duke

duke Charles, before he left the army, had gained a considerable advantage in an action with the advanced posts of general Masfena; 700 wounded were brought into Trent.

All the letters from Tyrol, down to the 18th Feb. mention that the Austrians still keep acting upon the defensive.

General Liptay was at Salurne, much indisposed. The French at the same time threatened the place, and directed their main force against Carmola.

The recent success which attended the operations of the archduke Charles, in the Tyrolese, has, as was expected, arrested Buonaparte in his progress to Rome. Previous to this, the republican general dismissed the envoy of the pope unheard, declaring, that in the capitol alone would he treat with his holiness. On receiving, however, advice of the offensive movements of the Austrians, and possibly calculating on some opposition from the command of general Colli, he listened to the renewed proposals of the pope, and concluded a hasty peace.

March 11.

Further particulars of the late defeat of the Spanish fleet.

Sir John Jervis had an accurate account of the force and course of the Spanish fleet, three days before he fell in with them. He called all the captains of his fleet on board, and communicated to them, in person, his plan of attack, and gave them their orders; the consequence of which was, that he had not occasion, during the whole action, to make above

three or four signals, a circumstance that contributed to perplex the enemy very much.

As stated in the brave admiral's official letter, after he came near the enemy, he passed through part of their fleet in two close lines, the ships composing the off line, or starboard, firing thro' the intervals between those of the near or larboard line. When the British fleet had passed, in this way, about half the Spanish fleet, the former tacked, and forming in a line a-head, stood through the enemy's fleet, cutting off from the other about one third of it.

Our van ships having re-tacked, closed with the enemy's ships thus cut off, while some of our fleet wore after the other part of the Spanish fleet. The action now became warm, and soon fortunately decisive. Towards evening, the Irresistible and Diadem were so closely engaged with the enemy, that the admiral was obliged frequently to repeat the signal to call them off.

The Captain, commodore Nelson's ship, was found, at the close of the action, lying between the San Josef and San Nicholas, and aboard of both at the same time. It required a good deal of skill and exertion to get them disentangled.

On the 15th, the master of a Portuguese vessel informed sir John Jervis, that he had that day passed a very large Spanish ship, wholly dismasted and disabled (supposed to be the Santissima Trinidad) and a frigate with British colours was sailing round her. This was supposed to be the Mahonnaise, on her way from Gibraltar to Lisbon. The admiral,

as soon as he reached Lagos Bay, dispatched three frigates, the *Minerva*, the *Inconstant*, the *Niger*, and the *Raven* sloop, in quest of this disabled ship, with orders, if they did not find her in the place described, to return to him immediately.

We are happy in being able to say, that the best grounded hopes were entertained of the frigates having fallen in with this ship, as they had not returned to Lagos when sir Robert Calder failed, which was not till the morning of the 19th.

The wind, after the action, was unfavorable for the Spaniards reaching Cadiz. They had been in sight of Lagos bay for three days after the action—but seemed so panic struck that they shewed no disposition to renew it. They had afterwards stood to the southward, and we have good reason to believe it was sir John Jervis's intention immediately to put to sea in quest of them again.

On the arrival of our fleet in Lagos bay, 3,200 prisoners were landed from the four prizes, not including the wounded, nor upwards of four hundred young men that were kept to attend upon the sick and wounded.

The above three thousand two hundred were liberally furnished with four days provisions by the British admiral, and permitted to go by land to Cadiz, a distance of only two days journey, a receipt having been taken for them from the Spanish consul at Lagos.

The Portuguese opened the churches for the reception of the sick and wounded Spaniards, and they were attended by our sur-

geons, as well as some of their own from Spain.

The British wounded were paid every mark of attention that gratitude could dictate on the part of the Portuguese.

Commodore Nelson had joined admiral sir John Jervis's fleet only two days before the action took place. He had come from the Mediterranean in the *Minerva*.

Domestic Occurrences.

Boston, April 18.

The merchants of Nantucket have "quitted fitting out their whaling ships," in consequence of the precarious situation of American navigation.

The loss of the Spaniards, in consequence of the capture of the ships by the fleet of admiral Jervis, is computed at four hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Philadelphia, April 25.

The Knoxville Gazette of the 27th ultimo, contains a proclamation from Gov. Sevier, dated the 20th, wherein he mentions his having received information, of a number of disorderly persons having lately, in a hostile manner, entered the Cherokee nation; the consequences of which might involve that state, once more, in the horrors of an Indian war, and cause a number of innocent men, women, and children to fall a sacrifice to the Indians, as a retaliation for such unwarrantable proceedings; he then commands such disorderly persons to desist from acts of hostility against the Cherokee Indians,

dians, and forbids the citizens of Tennessee from crossing the Indian boundary; he also earnestly enjoins the Cherokees to keep within their own limits, unless when they obtain proper passports.

The launch of the United States frigate, which was reported to be intended for to-morrow, will not take place till some future day, which is not yet determined upon; the ship however is ready for the destined element, and the ways are laid and every other preparation making—some day in May it is supposed will be fixed upon.

Norfolk, April 29.

Yesterday arrived the sloop *Savannah*, captain Richardson, in 13 days from Jean Rebel. Capt. R. informs that the French privateers capture every American they come across.

Thursday evening, off the Capes spoke an American ship of 16 guns, from Cape-Nichola-Mole, bound to Philadelphia, which had retaken three American vessels captured by the French.

CHARLESTON,

MAY 13, 1797.

ARRIVALS.

May 4.—Barque *Catharine*, Smidt, *Hamburgh*—consigned to Schutt—cargo consisting of 25 pipes brandy, 25 do. gin, and dry goods.

May 5.—Schooner *Rainbow*, Coley, St. Simons'—Master—550 dozen pine-apples, and fruit.

Schooner *Neptune*, Dickenfon, *Savannah*—Master—tobacco and cotton.

Schooner *Harmony*, Clark, St. Thomas's—Somerfall and Son—15 puncheons rum, and dry goods.

Schooner *Betsey*, McIlhenny, *Wilmington*—Whitfield & Brown—5 puncheons rum, flour and lumber.

Brig *Catharine*, Jervais, St. Thomas's—J. Peppin—ballast.

May 8.—Sloop *Mercury*, Brown, *Savannah*—Master—tobacco.

Sloop *Electa*, Shotwell, St. Thomas's—Somerfall & Son—16 hhds. and 10 barrels sugar, 48 bags and 10 barrels coffee, 5 hogheads molasses, 1 puncheon rum, and 7 bales cotton.

Schooner *Perseverance*, Forrester, *Havannah*—Muir & Boyd—134 hogheads molasses, and 12 boxes sugar.

Schooner *Eliza*, Flagg, *Havannah*—T. Morris—320 boxes sugar.

May 9.—Schooner *Nymph*, Corlett, *Cape Nichola-Mole*—J. & E. Gairdner—ballast.

Sloop *Betsey*, Morison, *Cape Nichola-Mole*—Miller and Robertson—8 barrels sugar.

Ship *Hunter*, Neye, *New-York*—Tunno & Cox—ballast.

Sloop *Venus*, Brown, *Norfolk*—Hazard & Ayrault—368 barrels flour, and 64 do. bread.

May 10.—Brig *John*, Gillender, *New-York*—Crocker, Hichborn & Wright—6 pipes brandy, & goods.

Brig *Packet*, Strong, *Philadelphia*—Hopkins & Charles—5 pipes brandy, flour, goods, loaf sugar and produce.

Sloop *Mary*, Chappel, *New-York*—Taber—produce.

Brig *Active*, Welsh, *Philadelphia*—Matter—8 puncheons rum, loaf sugar, and produce.

Schooner *Ranger*, Ormond, *Havannah*—J. Price & Co.—326 barrels sugar.

Ship *Independence*, Taber, *New-York*—Robertson—100 barrels flour, and hay.

Sloop *Alexander*, Russell, *Baltimore*—Master—flour, bread, coals and lumber.